

THE PACIFIC

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A LOWLY HEART.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
The simplest are the best,
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts:
Thou makest there thy rest.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest.

—Lyra Catholica.

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THE CALL OF THE SALOON FOR REINFORCEMENTS.

Posters are being posted up in different parts of the state and in other states by the allied saloon interests of the country with the hope of rallying to the support of the liquor traffic a larger number of allies. The liquor interests have realized for some time that a temperance wave of great magnitude was sweeping over the country, and they have proposed such regulation of the iniquitous traffic as they would not have considered for a moment a few years ago. Their propositions not meeting with favor, they are now, in their desperation, endeavoring to enlist against the temperance movement every industry and trade connected therewith either directly or indirectly in an economic way.

We quote from the posters on which the country people of California are looking now as they journey to the towns and cities:

"Do you know that the brewers, malters, and distillers of the United States used in their products during the past year farm products to the value of upwards of one hundred million dollars, including corn, barley, rye, oats, hay and other grains of various kinds? If the markets for the barley fields of California, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Missouri were destroyed, these states will offer great competition to the farmer who raises wheat and oats. If the farmers of Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, and the other rye producing states can find no buyers for corn it will mean additional competition for you.

"Farmers and workingmen, can you allow the prohibition fanatics to destroy the market for your grain and labor.

"Brewers and distillers furnish the livelihood for upwards of two and one half millions of people, and they buy annually in lumber, cooperage, building supplies, engines, boilers, glass and other manufactured goods having a value of \$150,000,000, and they pay in license, revenue and other state, county and city taxes, one third of all taxes paid in the United States.

"Farmers! do you intend to permit these crafty fanatics to rob you of the market for your grain and load you up with additional taxes which you cannot afford to pay.

"Every farmer, every workingman, and every manufacturer in the United States should now assert his rights and use every effort to suppress this growing evil of prohibition and hypocritical humbug, which if allowed to prevail will create a financial crisis such as the world has never seen."

Circulars are being sent out to manufacturers and

others. One by a Chicago firm reads in part as follows:

"The manufacturers and dealers of this country must of necessity now take some cognizance of the fact that the business of a large majority is being put into jeopardy by the wave of so-called reform sweeping the United States under the title of 'prohibition.'

"The general public seems to be of the opinion that this is a question concerning the saloonkeepers and brewers only. That is an entirely erroneous idea, as the allied trades and manufacturers represent many times the capital of the brewers and malsters, and a majority are depending on the industries which prohibition enactments aim to kill.

"In equipment and supplies of all kinds, ranging from the most expensive machinery to the general incidentals manufactured by trades such as yours, the brewers and distillers buy annually not less than \$150,000,000 per year.

"This means that if our market is destroyed, you are likewise affected.

"We herewith enclose a schedule showing losses which all lines of trade will suffer, not only in loss of business but in increased taxes which will necessarily follow.

"At the present session of Congress numerous prohibition bills are to be introduced. One of these by Representative Sims, of Tennessee prohibits the manufacture or sale of liquor in the District of Columbia, and several others bearing on the interstate commerce law as to carrying spirit or malt liquors of any kind into prohibition states. These bills should be voted down, and every manufacturer should at once address a letter to his congressman and United States senator.

"We are free to admit that by reason of prohibition enactments in various parts of the country, nearly 600 skilled mechanics who were employed nine to twelve hours per day in our Chicago factory last year at this time, are now walking the streets of Chicago in search of work. The remaining force is working seven hours per day. That means that the livelihood of at least three or four thousand women and children has been jeopardized in our plant alone.

"Our purchases of manufacturing material, including your particular line, have fallen off fifty to seventy-five per cent, and the loss, therefore, is distributed among a great many manufacturers in almost every conceivable line throughout the United States."

This particular circular concludes:

"The continued growth of prohibition and the destruction of the brewing and distilling industries will result in the allied trades in all lines of manufacture being made to suffer great losses through the destroyed market for their product.

"The unemployed of all the large cities of the United States just at the present time number many thousands who are clamoring for food and shelter. The prohibition movement, if allowed to expand, will certainly aggravate these conditions by adding many thousands to the number of unemployed and overloading the taxpayer by compelling him to shoulder expenses now borne by the industries that certain fanatics are attempting to put out of business. It will put in jeopardy the livelihood of upwards of four million people and precipitate the greatest financial crisis this country has ever known."

We have no space at this time to show how specious all this reasoning is. Reasoning, sensible people are not going to be alarmed. The temperance forces are ready for the guage of battle.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Boston must have beans, and the shortage in the California crop and shipments is being made up by a large consignment from Marseilles.

The American Peace Society has sent to Congress a remonstrance against the increase of the navy. It bears the signatures of 132 ministers of Boston and vicinity, among them, it is said, some of the most prominent.

Next year will be the centennial anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. The Lincoln Centenary Association has been organized in Chicago and will celebrate the anniversary next year in such a manner as to command world-wide attention. The plan is to raise one million dollars and invest a large part of it in a permanent memorial building.

Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., retired, has left Boston for Washington, where he is to make his home with his daughter, who is the wife of Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Reber. The general's son, Lieutenant Sherman Miles, lives in Washington, and that is another reason for his removal from Boston, where he has been a familiar figure about the hotels and clubs for some time. General Miles was living in Boston at the time he entered the army in 1861, and he returned there to live when he was named for inspector general of the Massachusetts militia.

The proposition to retain control of the disposition of the \$14,000,000 of relinquished Chinese indemnity and have it used in the erection of American colleges in China and in bringing Chinese students to the United States to complete their education has been brought to the attention of President Roosevelt and the State Department by William T. Ellis, the noted newspaper correspondent, who has recently returned from the Orient. The plan, however, is not original with Mr. Ellis, but has been considered as an excellent idea for some time by the State Department. A Washington dispatch says concerning this: "How any such plan can be worked out, especially in view of the action already taken, which commits the executive branch of the Government to its offer to relinquish to China the surplus indemnity, is the puzzling question. The Senate has practically given its consent to the President's offer, and the matter is now pending in the House Committee on Foreign Affairs."

Announcement is made at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, that the Hawaiian Lumber Company, the temporary office of which is in Chicago, is having manufactured in Milwaukee machinery for a large lumber mill to be erected on the island of Ila, within sight of Mt. Mauna Loa. The mill will turn out railroad ties from the Hawaiian timber, known as ohea. Experiments conducted at Washington by Chief Forester Pinchet have shown ohea to be thirty-five points harder than the best American white oak, which is the standard tie timber. The Hawaiian company has the timber rights of the entire island of Ila, which is about 80 by 140 miles in size. The mill will have a capacity of about 3000 ties daily and the company has a contract with one of the trunk lines of this country to furnish 40,000 ties per month for five years. When the supply of ohea is exhausted the mill will be converted into a mahogany mill. Mahogany grows on all of the Hawaiian islands, while ohea is largely confined to Ila.

In a recent address on the Problem of the Unem-

ployed, Mr. Winston Churchill of England said: "The greatest problem of the British Empire lies here at home. . . . Civilization, which has brought, and science which gives, many fair things to a large proportion of the population, has given nothing to the poorest and weakest among us. The condition of these is much worse from the point of view of the degree of human misery than the condition of the savages of the countries I have recently visited, or of the fierce, barbarous peoples of times long past. How can we talk of the virtue of thrift to a man who does not know whether he will get his next meal by a job at the docks or by pawning some pieces of furniture from his home? What is the use of teaching Imperialism—a very good thing in itself—to the man whose whole life is demoralized by the vicious and cursed element of casual labor which presses upon him from day to day. If I interpret the feeling of the working classes, the cry is a great cry of complaint against insecurity to the lower ranks."

Cardinal Gibbons made recently the following declaration as to his attitude toward the liquor traffic: "I believe that the right of the people to determine by the operation of local-option law whether saloons shall or shall not be closed within their respective communities is in harmony with the American principle of self-government. While I do not wish to be understood as having in any degree changed my opinion that it is neither feasible nor wise, under present conditions, to attempt prohibition throughout the whole extent of a large city like Baltimore, yet if the people of a ward of the city, especially in a residential section, or of a rural county desire to vote out saloons, they should have the opportunity of so doing, and I heartily approve the present movement in Maryland to secure a local-option law which will give them that right. Where the people do not attempt to close their saloons, or decide by vote to retain them, I am, as previously stated, in favor of high license and rigid restrictions, but not as a substitute for, nor in opposition to, local-option as above defined."

Harriet G. Hosmer who died recently was one of America's foremost sculptors. She studied in Rome in 1852-53 under John Gibson. In the summer of 1851 she began her first original work, a bust of "Hesper." In 1855 Miss Hosmer produced an original statue of "Puck," which proved so popular that she received orders for many copies. While in Gibson's studio she modeled her original heads, "Daphne" and "Medusa," executed for Samuel Appleton of Boston; "Beatrice Cenci," in the public library at St. Louis; and in 1855 her first full-size figure, "Oenone." Her spirited statue of "Puck" brought among many others, orders for copies from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Hamilton. Miss Hosmer's most ambitious work was her colossal statue of "Zenobia in Chains," completed in 1859, and now in the British Museum. Her bronze statue of Thomas H. Benton is in Lafayette Park, St. Louis. The "Sleeping Faun," exhibited in Paris in 1867, is one of her best works. It has a companion piece, known as the "Waking Faun." The fountain in Central Park, New York City, and the heroic statue of "Queen Isabella of Castile," unveiled in San Francisco in 1894, are by Miss Hosmer, as are also the "Queen of Naples" and the Heroine of Gaeta." Among her other works are the "Triton and Mermaid Fountain," executed for Lady Ashburton, and the "Siren Fountain," for Lady Marion Alford. Miss Hosmer's art, like that of her master, had a classic tendency.

THE WORK IN JAPAN.

By Dr. J. D. Davis, Kyoto.

Japan not Yet Evangelized.

Japan is not yet evangelized. The leaders of the nation have come powerfully, although unconsciously, under the influence of Christianity, but the masses of the people are as yet only touched in spots. There is, on an average, only about one adult Protestant Christian to each thousand of the population. These more than fifty thousand Christians are not evenly distributed over the country. The great majority of them are found in ten or twelve of the forty-six prefectures of the empire.

It is safe to say that thirty millions of the people in Japan have never heard of Christianity only in the most general way. There are large districts which are as untouched as they were thirty years ago. Many of the prefectures which have been entered have only been touched on the edges, as it were.

The rich agricultural prefecture of Niigata, with an area equal to that of the state of Connecticut, and a population of nearly two millions, has only two missionary families in it, one of them still grappling with the language, and it has only ten or twelve Japanese workers, all told. There are many cities and towns in this province which have never been entered by a Christian worker. The Shiga prefecture, in the fertile Lake Biwa basin, east of Kyoto, with a population of nearly one million, scattered in more than twelve hundred towns and villages, has not a single foreign missionary in it and only seven or eight Japanese workers. Other prefectures are less touched than the two just mentioned. There are many places in Japan which would gladly welcome foreign or Japanese workers if they could be sent.

A Readiness to Hear and Receive the Message.

There is everywhere a readiness to hear and receive the message. The nation was sobered by the great war with Russia. The work of the Y. M. C. A. in Manchuria made an impression favorable to Christianity upon half a million soldiers who have returned to their homes. The Emperor's gifts to this work and to other Christian institutions, have made a powerful impression upon the people. The great Student Conference in Tokyo, where delegates from twenty-five different countries met, and the evangelistic campaign which followed, have powerfully commended Christianity to the intelligent thinking class in Japan. The work of the self-supporting churches, the influence of the Y. M. C. A.'s, and of their workers and teachers in the government schools, and the enthusiastic reception everywhere given to General Booth, in addition to the waves of influence above mentioned, have made the people more ready to listen to Christianity than ever before. Young men from interior towns and villages have become Christians in many of the schools, and the way is open for work to be begun in their country homes. The leaders of the nation and thoughtful men everywhere are feeling the need of a new moral basis, and many of them are looking to Christianity to furnish that basis. The nation is ready to be evangelized as never before.

At the same time Japan has become the leader of the Orient. "But whither?" Korea, Manchuria and China are being powerfully influenced by Japan, both directly and indirectly. The whole situation calls for a vigorous forward movement.

Evangelistic Power of Japanese Church Limited.

The evangelistic power of the Japanese church is greatly limited. There are four hundred and fifty organized churches in Japan. One hundred and fifty of these are self-supporting. The rest are struggling toward self-support. Nearly one-half of the self-supporting churches are in the Kumi-ai body. The other churches can make no great forward movement for evangelization in new places, in the near future. Neither can the Kumi-ai churches. They have recently taken over from the mission forty dependent churches, and are struggling to bring them up to self-support. The mission pay over to the Kumi-ai body this year the last of the three years' grants in aid; namely, about fifteen hundred dollars, this being more than one-quarter of what we have for station evangelistic work. The rapid rise of rents, food, and all living expenses greatly complicates the situation.

Cordial Co-operation Between Missionaries.

There is cordial co-operation between the missionaries of the American Board and the Kumi-ai churches. From the first, the relation of the missionaries of the American Board to the churches has been one of friendly counsel, and not one of authority. This relation was never more cordial than it is today. Nearly all the members of the mission who are free to engage in evangelistic work hold themselves ready to respond to invitations from their Japanese brethren to assist in the work. Eight of them are formally appointed as associate members of the Kumi-ai Missionary Society. The writer was invited by this society last fall to visit Korea and assist in work among the Japanese there. On his return from Korea he responded to an invitation from a district Association to make an evangelistic tour in the Niigata province. Since his return from furlough, two years ago, as he could not speak in more than one place at the same time, and as he tried to limit himself to one address a day, he has not been able to respond to more than half of the invitations which have come to him from his Japanese brethren to assist in evangelistic work. He has the conviction that such co-operative work is far more effective than independent work could be, on the part of the missionary in Japan.

Mission Cannot Move Forward.

The mission cannot move forward. There is great need of an advance. There is, as we have seen above, a great call for it. Places are offering half the support of an evangelist if one can be sent. There are about thirty preaching places entirely under the care of our twelve stations. Shall we open no new work among the thirty millions who have not heard anything of Christianity? Shall we rest from our aggressive evangelistic labors and cease to raise up new churches which will rapidly become self-supporting and pass over to the independent Kumi-ai body? We have hoped to be able to do this, but there comes with the opening year a necessary cut of nearly twenty per cent on the money we had expected to receive for our station evangelistic work. This comes at a time when the rapid rise in prices increases the cost of our travel and touring, and makes imperative an increase of the salaries of all Japanese evangelists and workers. No new work can be attempted. Some of our work in hand must be stopped. The missionaries must curtail their touring and fail to respond to the invitations of their Japanese brethren. A few thousand dollars additional

would double the evangelistic efficiency of this mission this year.

This Condition World-Wide.

This condition is world-wide. The whole wide work of the American Board is halting and suffering in the same way. A comparatively slight additional appropriation would greatly increase the evangelistic efficiency of the workers connected with every mission of the Board. Hence the Japan Mission can neither criticize the American Board for reduced appropriations here, nor ask the Board to appropriate more money to Japan.

The writer, however, feels impelled to appeal to the churches which are behind the Board by making the facts known. Can you afford to put an army of soldiers into the field to conquer the world, and clothe, and feed, and house them at a yearly cost of eight or nine hundred thousand dollars, and keep them shut up year after year in the few places they have occupied, when an additional expenditure of ten per cent would secure an aggressive campaign and double the efficiency of your army? That is the way it looks to an old soldier in the field. He has no heart to ask anything more for Japan, great as is the need and the opportunity here, in view of the great need of China and other fields, and when the Zulu mission, for example, is almost literally dying for want of help. But oh, the pity of it! Oh, the shame of it, when the wealth of the church is doubling every ten years!

The writer is an optimist. His optimism increases the older he becomes. He believes that the Church of Christ is going to move forward. Shall things material, political, social, move forward with ever accelerating, almost revolutionary speed, and the Church of Christ stand still spiritually? Shall there be no higher prevailing type of Christianity in the twentieth century than there was in the nineteenth? Shall not the church of the living God, founded, fed and guided by the indwelling Spirit of promise, shall not this church march with ever-accelerating step? We believe it will. We will labor, and hope, and pray in the faith that the church is soon to awake and say to her army in the field: "Go forward!" When the church generally can rise to the height of consecration of the Korean Church, so that all the individual members will feel that their great purpose in life is to live the gospel and preach the gospel, always and everywhere, the world will be converted.

A JAPANESE ORDINATION AT FRESNO.

In a recent number of The Pacific there was an account of the council for the ordination of K. Fukunaga, our Japanese minister in Fresno. The ordination took place at the morning service on the 16th. The service was an unusual one, and replete with spiritual benefit. The pastor of the First Church of Fresno, Rev. C. N. Queen, preached the sermon, having for his subject, "Jesus Only." The right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. H. K. Santikian, with very fitting words, and the charge to the minister was given in a beautiful spirit by Rev. R. B. Dunlap. And it seemed altogether fitting and proper that the ordination prayer should be made by the pastor of the mother church—the First—of which the Japanese church is a branch. The charge to the new church was given on Sunday night in the Japanese language by Rev. S. Okubo, pastor of the Japanese Church in Oakland. There was a large delegation of the Japanese people present. It was a unique service and of much benefit to the church in

which the service was held; and it was a very important service to the Japanese and the branch church. Over the outcome of the council and the ordination service there is general satisfaction; and with joy and gladness Mr. Fukunaga goes forward in the work among his countrymen.

"JESUS ONLY."

A Sermon by C. N. Queen at the Japanese Ordination Services in Fresno. Text: Matt. 17: 8; Mark 9: 8.

The mountain top vision had faded. The entrancing glory of that scene when the Lord was transfigured before Peter, James and John, had disappeared. Moses and Elijah could no more be seen, and the face of Christ, shining as the sun, his garments incomparably white, was lost to view. In some indescribable manner this picture dissolved itself into a cloud hovering over them. They heard out of the cloud a Voice saying, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him." And the three men began to look about, and "they saw no one any more, save Jesus only with themselves."

Mountain-top experiences are worth while. Sometimes it pleases our Lord to take us with him into the higher altitudes of privilege, unfolding to us something of his glory. He leads us apart, fortifying us with visions of his righteousness and revelations of his will, and blessings of his grace. With these three favored disciples we are led to exclaim, "It is good for us to be here." And we carry the mountain-top experience with us, treasuring its blessing.

The investment of human life is under the cloud. The overshadowing cloud is a symbol of God's presence. Happy is the man if the cloud is a bright one! Whether bright or dark greater is the profit if one is able to look about him and see Jesus! Many, when they are brought under the cloud, begin to tremble and fear; they become anxious; sometimes they grow angered; sometimes they harden their hearts; sometimes they loose their care for God and righteousness and, plunging ahead, never once turn themselves about. The disciples have given us a good example; for under the cloud, afraid, and on their faces, trembling and anxious, they looked about to see God, and they saw no one save Jesus only.

Living in the lower altitudes of life, and in these times of gospel privilege and evangelism, with the bright cloud of God's mercy and grace over us, it seems to me I have been hearing these few days the voice of God speaking down into my heart, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him." And with many others I have trembled, and been on my face in the dust. I have looked around and, brethren, there was Jesus! Jesus only! Jesus only!

It is a year and a half since I came into this city by divine appointment. It was to what seemed to me to be a circumscribed mission, and which some of my friends said was a hopeless one. But I came and Jesus came with me. In the busy activities I have lost sight of him more than once. Then somehow God would speak, and I would look around, and there stood Jesus! Often I have lost him to view; but he has never lost me to view! I have been trying to see Jesus only. And this I know, that when he is obscured, and the light has grown dim in the cloud, and darkness hovers, he yet knoweth the way that I take.

There are a great many sweet and attractive names. Character endears to us the names of many. Then there are words of sweet meaning. Around them entwine the immortelles of tenderness and sympathy and love. Think of the words wife, or husband, or father and mother, brother and sister, son and daughter, home and heaven! All are full of deep meaning, fragrant with love, and prophetic of God. But no name measures up to the name of Jesus! And no word measures up to the word Christ!

The Christian whose life is hid with Christ in God says, "Jesus only for me, in me and with me." For him there is none other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby he finds salvation. In him there is none other; but he shouts, "Christ in me the hope of glory." With him there is none other equally near, and equally dear. Jesus only! He consecrates his whole being to God. He turns to Christ as supreme Lord and Saviour. He thinks through the whole proposition that he may define its meaning if he can; and when he has done so, he formulates his conclusions.

(1). First of all he determines that Christ living is

his example. In a simple way he begins by becoming a follower of the Lord Jesus. This discipleship continues until he learns the wisdom of the will of God manifest in Christ, and then he seeks to do that will. Sometimes it becomes a hard lesson to learn. But finally he gains the victory, and his life is one of submission to the teaching of the Lord. Throughout discipleship he learns the lesson of sympathy, of tenderness, of compassion. Continuing in the footsteps of his Lord he gains knowledge of a life of service and self-sacrifice. Jesus comes before him as an example, and he wants to be something like his Master. He studies the mind of his Lord that he may know his thinking; he studies his conduct that he may understand how Jesus adjusts himself to human relations so as to meet human needs. Looking upon Christ as a man, he can find no better, and he determines to become like the very best man of whom he can know anything. So he says, "As for me I shall henceforth have no other after whom to pattern my life; it shall be Jesus only."

(2)—But he does not tarry long here if a student and sincere; he makes the discovery soon that he has needs which are not met in following Jesus merely as one might follow any great teacher. He has heart needs crying out, and will not be comforted with simply an example. And that soul cry takes hope in an observation he makes in a study of prophecies concerning the tragedy of Calvary. He is attracted to the suffering and dying One on the Cross. He remembers that he has been taking that man as his example; but his pattern, whom he has admired, after whom he has been trying to fashion himself, went to Calvary voluntarily. He studies the whole event. He goes to the upper room and remains until after that marvelous prayer found in the 17th chapter of the Gospel by John; then he goes to Gethsemane; then to the judgment hall, and then to Calvary!

Looking upon the dying man he reaches another conclusion: This man is fulfilling prophecy; he is meeting the requirements of Isaiah 53. Studiously he lingers about the Cross, and when the tragedy is ended asks himself: "Wherefore the death of this man? He is guilty of no crime. He has only taught righteousness, he loved mercy; he walked humbly; the common people listened to him with rapt attention; he healed the sick; he fed the hungry, he wronged no man. Wherefore this death?" Light breaks in, and he thinks it out: All we like sheep have gone astray; but he strayed not. We have turned every one to his own way; but he turned to us and has been bearing our grief, carrying our sorrow, healing our sins and instructing us in righteousness. Why was he wounded? It was for our transgressions. Why was he bruised? It was because of our sins. And then he thought, "We must be a very wicked people to put such an one to death." Then came another question: "Can a good man die in vain?" He thinks further and this is his conclusion: "A good man cannot be put to shame after this manner without good coming from it; but what is the good?" And the words of Isaiah come to his heart, "With his stripes we are healed." "I see it now," he says; "I see it now. He is the long expected Redeemer." He begins now to see the suffering Christ in his agony because of sin; in his stripes because of our iniquities; in his death that helpless humanity might have life. At last he cries: "He died for me! He died for me!" And bowing himself he also becomes obedient unto death in Jesus Christ by crucifying the flesh with the lusts thereof. Christ becomes fuller of meaning to him. It is now Jesus only, his Redeemer.

(3)—It is not enough to see the Christ this way. He thinks yet further. If Jesus became his Redeemer, and shed his blood for the remission of his sins, then he comes to another conclusion and it is that he must lay hold of God and appropriate the blood of Jesus, or else his own personal sins will not be covered. The crucified Christ buried becomes to him a figure of his sins covered; but he must lay hold of the Christ who shed his blood. In doing so there comes to him a joy and a happiness which make him look away from whatever his mind and heart may hitherto have centered upon. He now sees Jesus who took his infirmities, "Who his own self bare our sins in his body on the tree, that we, having died unto sin, might live unto righteousness; by whose stripes we are healed." (1 Pet. 2:24.) "For ye were gone astray like sheep; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." It is one thing to admire the living Christ and regard him as the Redeemer of souls, and quite another to receive that

Redeemer, appropriate his atoning sacrifice, and realize that his atonement is sufficient to cover all one's sins. When such a realization ascends the throne of one's own consciousness, how glorious is the hour! It is Jesus only!

(4)—Further inquiry and study lead to an understanding of his justification. The living Christ, who died on Calvary for his sins, and went to the grave with the load of his sins, came again from the grave, his Justifier. Continually there is a clearing up of the whole scheme in his mind, taking knowledge of Jesus that he is very God; and as God he pardons of sin, admits to sonship, bestows eternal life, and gives his Holy Spirit upon him.

(5)—But he draws still nearer to the Christ. Christ who was his living example, who after became his Redeemer and was accepted as his bearer, who pardoned all his guilt and justified him, now becomes a living person in him, sanctifying his life. He looks to the Christ now as a plant looks to the sun. Christ is his light, giving life and color, giving him verdure and strength. Christ is his truth and he receives him as the verity of the Almighty. Christ is his way and he walks with him. His life is being changed. The transforming power of the Christ evidences itself in his character. No more has Satan power over him. He may be tempted, but the temptation will be nothing but what he by the grace of God can bear. "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation make also the way of escape, that ye may be able to endure it." (1 Cor. 10:13.) Here he rests confidently. He is not afraid to trust, for he has seen the lives of many changed into beauty and glory and usefulness. He believes that this Christ is able to transform his life. Not only believes it but comes to know it by experience. He looks back now; sees that he was in the gutter yesterday, or that he was enswathed by gambling, or was the victim of lust, or an unbeliever; or that he was a heathen; but now he sees himself already at a distance from the wilderness of sin, out of bondage, returned to an inheritance in righteousness. Christ is in him the hope of glory. It is true that Satan contests this possession, but Christ in him is greater than Satan trying by every cunning and art to get into him. And as this fortification of his soul grows upon his consciousness, nearer and nearer he draws unto the Bishop of his soul. From a full throat he sings, "Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow thee."

(6)—The Christian's life grows. It grows in consciousness, in its breadth, and depth, and height of meaning. And he comes to see Jesus in his enthroned sphere as his Priest. More,—as his High Priest. He gains an understanding that his approach to the Father must be in the name of another. Jesus has become the everlasting Other through whom he comes to God. "No man cometh unto the Father" but by Jesus the Christ of God. So he learns how to come, and to keep coming unto the Father. It is through Jesus Christ. This lends charm and blessing. He knows when he comes in the name of the Christ that God hears. So to him Jesus becomes the only one. Jesus only!

(7)—One step after another he has taken now. He began with Jesus as his example; then he saw Jesus on the cross, and so he took Jesus as his Redeemer; and then he observed him to descend into the grave, and he says, "As he is covered in the grave, my sins are all covered in the blood of the Christ;" but as Christ came from the grave alive, he sees the whole scheme of salvation vindicated and he takes another step receiving Christ as his justifier; and then he, walking out with him and many others on Olivet, beholds his Lord taken up into heaven, and he gains the vision of the priestly service of the Christ and cries, "Jesus is my High Priest;" and after this the words of the angels who spoke to the disciples of his Lord on Olivet, just after the glorious ascension and enthronement, sink deeply into his mind and heart: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking into heaven? This Jesus who was received up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye beheld him going into heaven." Now he begins to sing the coming of his Lord. Christ coming is his hope. While he works, he daily waits. While he mingles among his fellows that he may save some, his heart keeps its eye on Jesus, expecting him any moment to leave his throne with the Father, and come to receive his Father's children. In it all he is joyful and happy. Jesus only!

After this manner, he who is to be set apart to the gospel ministry today in a formal way, has been growing.

Only a few years ago, he told the council that he was, as are many of the Japanese, in darkness, not knowing the Christ. He entered school at Tokio, and began to be taught. The seed took root. It came forth, first the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear. To America he came almost four years ago. Since which time he has studied, and he has taught, and he has witnessed for Christ unto his countrymen, and God has set his seal to the work. About fifteen months ago he came to Fresno, and with characteristic wisdom and energy took up missionary work. Within six months God had given him access to his countrymen and a church was organized with twelve members. Ten of those were led into definite Christian experience through his teaching. Since the organization of the branch church to this one with twelve members, others have been added from time to time. Until now the membership numbers twenty-five. Of these only one is a woman, and twenty have been received by baptism upon the confession of their faith. The school work connected with the mission has been made to prosper and there are a number of children and men who are daily and nightly receiving instruction, and being brought under the influence of the gospel. This growth and transformation are coming about because brother Fukunaga has gone in the name of Jesus. It is Jesus only! And brethren of the First Congregational Church, count yourselves highly honored in the privilege which God has given you that this child of the Orient should come to the altar of this church to receive the formal order of ordination to the gospel ministry at your hands. I appeal to you that this occasion may be one wherein we shall receive the laying on of hands of the Holy Spirit anew to the office work of Christian life and service. You, with the churches of America, have invested many thousands in Japan, that this event today might be made possible; and if this ordination was the first fruits of all this expenditure of time, money, faith and prayer, it would be worth while! It should put the song into our hearts:

Jesus On.y!

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

Beneath the cloud, down in the valley, in the marts of the world, our need is imperative, and happy is the man or woman who puts confidence in the Lord. Jesus only! In no sphere can we serve and have our work count in the eternities to the glory of God, apart from Jesus Christ. Jesus only! The church that would bring glory to God must put emphasis upon prayer, Bible study, and the life that shines so that others may see your good works, Jesus only! The minister that fulfills his commission must be in the world but not of the world, and preach that which transforms life, the gospel of Jesus Christ. Jesus only! So, in setting apart our brother to the gospel ministry in the name of the church, I speak the commission, that he may know that we desire him to preach Jesus only unto his countrymen; and as we do so, I beseech you, brethren, not to cease praying that this preaching of Jesus among the Japanese may bring forth an abundant fruitage of souls won and saved to eternal life and glory. Jesus only!

THE GOOD WORK GOES ON.

Last week we received three more new subscribers from the church at Sonoma, sent by the Rev. Dr. W. C. Day, the pastor. If we have counted correctly this makes seventeen new subscribers in that church and makes the church the banner one on our subscription list, having in proportion to membership the largest number of subscribers. The First of Oakland has the largest number of subscribers; but the church at Sonoma has the largest number in proportion to membership. If Dr. Day continues his splendid work for The Pacific he will have the paper entering the home of every one of the members of the church of which he is pastor.

Since our last report we have had five new names

from Cloverdale, sent in by the pastor, Rev. Henry Ainsworth.

Five have been received also from the Rev. I. G. Hambleton, pastor at Sebastopol; four from Dr. Temple of Sacramento; two from Mrs. H. K. Smith, a member of the church at San Jacinto. Two additional names have come from the Rev. F. W. Price, of Park Church, Berkeley, from whom we had heard before. The Rev. S. C. Patterson has added another to the list already sent in from Bethany Church, San Francisco, and the Rev. E. Hoskins of Guerneville adds one more to the number secured early in the campaign in his church. Another has been added to the list in Mayflower Church, San Francisco, by the Rev. N. C. Gause, the pastor.

We had it in mind to mention several more churches from which one name each has come during the past week—but this copy must go to the linotype operators, for the paper goes to press soon.

Several pastors have said that they would take up the subscription matter at once.

Brethren! there is nothing more important for Pacific Coast Congregationalism.

See our campaign article on one of the back pages of the paper.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. H. H. Wikoff went to Southern California last Friday in the interests of the work of the Church Building Society, intending to be absent ten days.

President Faunce of Brown University will give the Earle lectures at Pacific Theological Seminary this year, also the "Charter Day Address" at the University of California. Before coming West he will give the Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale on "The Educational Aim of the Ministry."

The next meeting of the San Francisco Association will be held with the Richmond Church the afternoon and evening of March 12th. Among the live subjects to be discussed are "The Moral Need of a Greater San Francisco," "The Coming of the Fleet," "The Temperance Situation," Literature for the Christian Home."

The Bay Association will meet at Haywards on Tuesday, March 10, at 10 a. m. The Church's Problem of the Ministry will be the topic for consideration. (1) The Supply, by Rev. A. W. Palmer; (2) The Education, by Professor Bade; (3) The Power, by Professor Nash. There will be forenoon and afternoon sessions, but none in the evening.

A count at Sacramento shows more men than women in attendance at both the morning and evening preaching services in the First Congregational Church in that city. Each Thursday in March at noon the Rev. Dr. Temple speaks at the Southern Pacific car shops on the following topics: "An Open Switch," "A Hot Box," "Coupling," "Climbing."

One of our San Francisco subscribers, renewing her subscription, writes: "Please excuse this delay; long illness and blindness have prevented me from attending to it before. I have been unable to read The Pacific since the earthquake and yet I cannot bear to give it up, for I know the home would seem lonely

without its weekly visits." We hope with this esteemed reader of the beloved paper that another year will give her renewed sight.

There is a probability that the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will have with them at their meeting next Monday the Rev. Dr. Torrey who closes his evangelistic meetings at Fresno next Sunday. If not, the paper will be by the Rev. W. T. Patchell of San Jose on "The Gospel According to Burbank." One week from Monday Professor Howison of the University of California will speak on "The Relation of Pragmatism to Theology."

The Rev. H. M. Tenney, of the American Board, went to Oregon and Washington last week in the interests of the series of missionary conferences to be held on the coast soon. These are to be under the direction of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and will undoubtedly be of far-reaching influence and value. They will be interdenominational. Arrangements are being perfected for meetings in Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Oakland, Los Angeles, Redlands and San Diego.

An interdenominational meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be held next Monday at 10:30 a. m., in the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church, Hayes and Buchanan streets, San Francisco, "to give moral emphasis to the present temperance issues and to prepare for the great temperance assembly which is to meet in San Francisco March 17-19. The Rev. Drs. Dille and Rader and Fathers Caraher and O'Ryan will speak on The Relation of the Saloon to Commercial and Economic Progress.

The Rev. Dr. Adams of Chicago, editor of The Advance, was at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday for a few minutes. In his brief remarks he said that California was a continued amazement to him. All in all he regards the state as "the wonder of the continent." While elsewhere there is much of beauty and charm, here there is a series of beautiful pictures. Dr. Adams spent the month of February in Southern California. Speaking of the prayer meetings in the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, he characterized them as meetings of great spiritual uplift and the best in many respects he had ever attended.

Word has been received of the death at Pasadena on Feb. 28th after a lingering illness of the wife of Rev. William E. Eckles, to whose pastorates in Green Valley and Etna Mills in the north and in more than one place in the south she has brought a sympathy, consecration and helpfulness which contributed much to their success. Mrs. Eckles was a graduate of Pomona College and subsequently a teacher in the academic department. She was possessed of a mind refined and cultivated, a spirit gentle and Christlike, and she delighted in Christian service. She laid down her work while yet young, but she has wrought well here and was ready for the higher service to which she has been called.

On account of impaired health the Rev. E. J. Singer presented his resignation, a few months ago, as superintendent of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society for Central and Northern California, and it has been reluctantly accepted by the society, taking effect the last of February. Before com-

ing to California about ten years ago and entering on this work Mr. Singer had been for several years one of the assistants in the work in Washington. Wherever he has gone he has endeared himself to the people, and has done a work which has given him a large place in the hearts of the society of which he was so long one of the consecrated representatives. He will be widely missed in the work of the society. For several weeks Mr. Singer has been in charge of our new church at Burlingame, awaiting the selection of a permanent pastor. He will seek further recuperation from his recent severe illness before deciding on work for the future. Many will join us in the hope and the prayer that complete restoration to health may come to him soon and that many years yet may be spent by him in the vineyard of our divine Master. The Rev. Miles B. Fisher who has been Mr. Singer's efficient co-worker for some months will succeed him as superintendent.

Among the Churches.

California.

Fruitvale.—Seven were received into membership March 1st, some of them on confession of faith.

San Francisco, Mission.—Five persons were received at the March communion service, four on confession. The Rev. C. C. Cragin occupied the pulpit.

San Francisco, First.—Twelve persons were welcomed into fellowship Sunday, seven on confession. Mrs. Mary Howe, who had been for some time the oldest living member died on Monday of this week in her 93rd year. She united with the church when the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt was pastor. There are left now only three members who united with the church while Mr. Hunt was pastor.

Tulare.—On Friday, February 21, a "Birthday Social" announced by the Ladies' Aid Society brought out over one hundred people, though the day had been "a rainy day," and the evening was still showery. Through this "Social" over \$50 found its way into the treasury of the Aid Society. The work of the church is growing in all departments. Two persons were received to the membership of this church by letter at the communion, March 1.

Lodi.—A large assembly gathered on Sunday morning at the regular communion service, and many partook of the emblems of Jesus' broken body and shed blood. A former pastor for five years, the Rev. J. W. Brier, assisted in the service. Two, a brother and his wife from Kansas, were added to the church by letter, bringing into our Sunday-school four bright children. The church is looking forward with great expectations to the big tent meetings by Dr. Bulgin and Mr. Gates, to begin March 15. Pray for us, brethren, that the power of God may be manifest in the salvation of many souls ere these meetings close.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Thirteen members were received into the fellowship of Plymouth Church at the communion service March 1st, three coming on confession of faith and ten by letter. During the winter a number of material improvements have been made

in the church equipment. A new furnace and an electric motor for the organ have been installed, and an artistic archway and sign in harmony with the architecture of the church have been placed at the Piedmont avenue entrance. February 29th was observed as "labor day." A number of the young men spaded up the grounds around the church in preparation for the planting of a lawn. Boston ivy was planted to climb over the walls, and after the work was done coffee and sandwiches were served by a committee of young ladies.

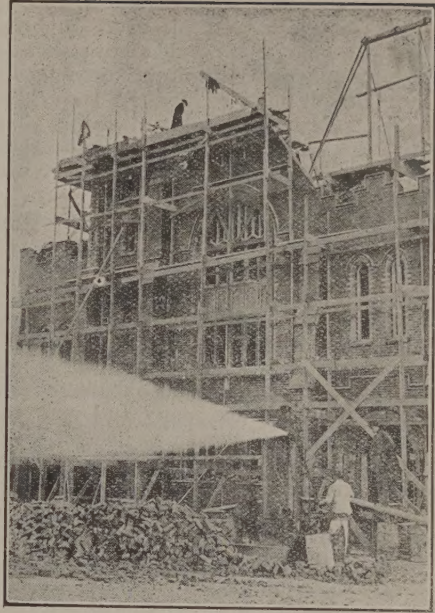
Corona.—The offering of the church for Home Missions this year amounts to more than \$2.50 per member. Supt. Maile made his annual visit Feb. 9. No one can be more welcome, as with inspiring message he goes from church to church. Month by month the Brotherhood have met for their delightful dinners together. The influence of the organization has been felt already in the deeper interest among men for Christian work. Some subject of practical importance to the city has been discussed at each meeting. Of late, Secretary Wilcox and Assistant Secretary Henderson have considered with us the possibility of a Y. M. C. A. in Corona. The project can hardly be effectuated at this time. Our prayer meetings on pleasant evenings of this year have numbered in attendance about one-third the membership of the church. The people seem to like to go. At this time our city is in the throes of a no-license campaign. The trustees last elected frustrated the will of the people by licensing saloons against their vote. Now the better element through their Good Government League are determined that men shall be nominated and elected who will cleanse the city. There is much enthusiasm which expresses itself in persistent, thoughtful effort. Never before, it is said, has there been so strong a temperance sentiment. Mayor Evans of Riverside gave an address Feb. 18. Rev. Mr. Gandier of the Anti-Saloon League was present Sunday, Feb. 23, to speak in the Congregational Church in the morning and at a union mass meeting in the Opera House in the evening.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

A Live Call From a Live Church.

After long interest in the struggling Green Street Church, San Francisco, I have been permitted to have my faith in its work and worth justified by sight. I had not been five minutes in its substantial social room, which is as yet its one finished working place, before I felt the promise of its success. The room and its furnishings are substantial and simple. The teachers were earnest and busy. The enthusiasm was genuine. The church service following had like characteristics. Heartily welcome was given to Grapho, of the Advance, who shared with Pastor Ernest L. Walz the reverent celebration of the communion. Three new members were received. Pastor Walz's sermon was short, simple, loving, sincere. The exercises were brief, but there was genuine and profitable lingering at their close. The fraternal congregation was long getting out of the door. If "a house going minister makes a churchgoing people" a hand shaking people will be successful builders. These folk are masters of this art

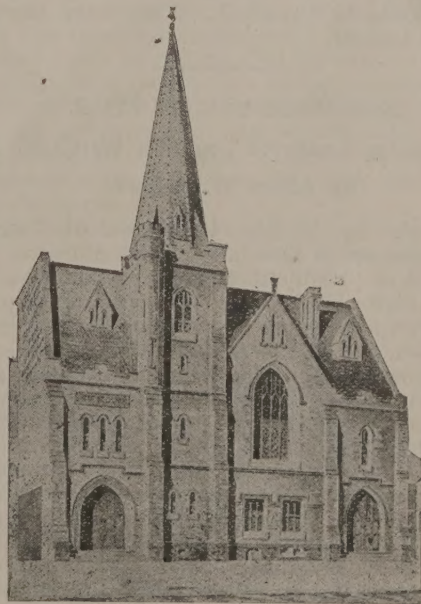


As the Church Looks Now.

and unaffectedly serious and hearty in it. The Endeavor Society and the evening congregation exhibited the same cordiality which brought heart and palms together. There is no mistaking the tireless enthusiasm of Mr. and Mrs. Walz and the responsiveness of their affectionate and devoted flock.

What Ought We To Do To Them?

The important district in which this church does its work is filling up with people, and the call for the church is patent. There were many on our coast who felt at the time of the earthquake and the fire, "If I



As the Church Will Look When Finished.

knew just where my mite would count I would gladly send it." This acorn is a frank effort to bring into an acorn basket some fresh result of this just wave of feeling which amounts to nothing because not utilized. There is no "bread line" of hungry men just now. But men suffer for lack of the bread of life. They are drawn toward a minister who stood in the bread line with them and shared his tent and food with those needier than himself.

The streets this morning showed the need of what such workers as these can do. Friends, go back in your thought to the quick sympathy of those mornings when you were touched by the terrors of the earthquake and the flames, and send to this heroic little company and their sacrificing pastor such gift of reconstruction as you can spare. Do it now. Send a postal money order. Do not be ashamed to send a small check if your calls are many and your tithe account is low. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver" and Green Street Church will send a glad receipt for each cheerful dollar given. The generous space given by The Pacific—your Pacific—proves both the editor's friendliness and distinct knowledge of the worth of the work done by the Green Street Church. As an old campaigner among the churches I claim to know the marks of a live church, and my appeal for this rings clear. It glows. It is not a result of special pleading with me by these unselfish workers. Their work and this people as I have seen them compel it. Listen to it.

Christmas, 1908.

I heard something said about Easter, 1909, as a good time to dedicate this church; Christmas, 1908, better. Jesus Christ, the priest at the head of his column, shows the building time. The picture following indicates the comely and serviceable building designed by our gifted Bro. Reid. I bespeak from every Congregational child of the King on our wide Pacific coast who has sent no offering here something "in His name," for this special cause. Make checks or orders payable to Ernest L. Walz, 1021 Greenwich St., San Francisco.

THE WISE USE OF TIME.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for March 8th.)

By Albert W. Palmer.

The topics for the 8th, 15 and 22nd of March deal with the wise use of time, money and influence. These three topics are really three subdivisions of a larger problem which we might call "the wise use of power," for a man's time, money or influence are simply three different forms of his power to get things done. Other forms of power which readily occur to us are genius, educational advantages and physical strength. The root question underlying our topics for the next three weeks is then: "The wise use of power."

It is always a great help to carry every moral and religious question back to Jesus and ask what He has to teach about it. What is the wise use of power? It is a striking fact that Jesus faced this question at the very outset of His ministry. Prof. Benjamin W. Bacon of Yale calls the story of the temptation a fragment from the autobiography of Jesus. Who else could have told the story of those days of trial in the wilderness except Jesus himself? Here, it would seem, we have Jesus' account of how he faced and answered the ques-

tion of the right use of power, just as he himself told it to the disciples.

What was the temptation Jesus met? First, it was a temptation to use his Messianic power for his own material advantage—"Command that these stones become bread;" second, to use his Messianic power to work a spectacular miracle and win applause—"Cast thyself down from a pinnacle of the temple;" third, to use His power for the creation of a material earthly kingdom.

The result of the temptation was that Jesus came to his work clearly determined to use his power for spiritual, not material purposes; for helpful, not spectacular miracles; for an invisible, not an earthly kingdom.

Apply these principles to our own use of the smaller measure of power given into our keeping. Apply them especially to this particular form of power which we call time. How shall we use our time? (1) Fundamentally for spiritual rather than material purposes, i. e., for the development of character, of an appreciation of the beautiful, of a sense of fellowship with God. The man in the parable who pulled down his barns and built greater had not spent his time wisely. God required of him that night his soul, and, with all his cultivation of his land, he had never taken time to cultivate his soul.

(2) Use our time for purposes of helpfulness. We cannot work the miracles of Jesus, but we can use the powers we have according to the spirit in which Jesus used his powers. How did Jesus spend his time?

(3) Use our time in ways that do not retard, but rather help the coming of the kingdom for which Jesus labored and died.

May I stop just here to interject a plea for some wasted time? The best way to use time, sometimes, is to waste it! A wise man cultivates a sense of humor. A healthy-minded man loves the out-of-doors and "the open road." The hour of pure, unrestrained nonsense, the evening of clean amusement, the long afternoon's aimless tramp across the hills—these represent a wise use of time; they are the oil which keeps the machinery from squeaking.

In a little park near the Oakland High School is a great granite block erected as a memorial to our loved California poet, Edward Rowland Sill. On one side of the stone are these great words of the poet on "Life," or, if you please, on the wise use of time:

"Forenoon and afternoon and night,—Forenoon,
And afternoon and night,—Forenoon and—what?
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered and thy crown is won."

THE THIEF OF TIME.

"Tomorrow I'll do it," says Bennie;
"I will, by and by," says Seth;
"Not now—pretty soon," says Jennie;
"In a minute," says little Beth.
O dear little people, remember
That true as the stars in the sky,
The little streets of Tomorrow,
Pretty Soon, and By and By,
Lead one and all
As straight, they say,
As the King's highway,
To the city of Not at All.

THE HOME

TWO ROADS.

Between the cradle and the tomb,
Two roadways lead along.
Oft side by side they seem to glide—
The Right Road, and the Wrong.

Each by-path winding in and out,
However wide it strays,
Leads forth or back from one main track
There are but those two ways.

No guide post points the way to go,
But deep within each soul
A knowledge dwells—a sense that tells
The Right Road to the goal.

It may seem desolate at first
But when the day slants west,
The Road of Right floods full of light,
The highway of the blest.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE FATHER AS A CHUM.

Plato once made the crusty and calloused remark that a boy is of all wild beasts the most difficult to manage. There is something of truth in the remark, for a boy comes to be to you what you think he is, and if you think him a wild beast he will more than likely develop beastly characteristics, and be most difficult to manage. If, on the other hand, he seems to you to be a glorious fellow, with a strong, rich, human nature, the difficulty of managing him will likely be lost in the sweet and sacred privileges of loving him; for boys were made to be loved, not managed, and the secret of rearing boys is disclosed when one perceives that a boy can be loved into a noble manhood, but that he cannot be lashed or lectured into it. Love never faileth—not even with boys; in fact, love may be often seen at its best by watching the working of its restraint, inspiration and endeavor in the pulsing heart of a "regular boy."

The reason why many a father loses his boy is because he has never found him. Nothing can find a boy but love. A good example of itself never found a boy, nor has parental authority ever subdued a boisterous nature. The father who said, "I will conquer that boy whatever it costs him," never succeeded; the father who declared, "I will conquer that boy whatever it costs me," never failed. All good things are expensive. Sympathy has its cost before it has its worth. A father always pays a large price in the coin of sacrificial and sympathetic love who secures a clear and unclouded title to the confidence and intimacy of his son.

The overworking of negations destroys the choice friendship between many a father and his boy. The boy cannot live on it; to use his own phrase, he "can't stand it." "Don't," "I forbid you," "I am surprised at you," "Such conduct will ruin you," "You must never forget that you are a great expense to me for support, clothing and education," "You must not spend so much money"—how familiar this category is to many a boy who has a good home, but who, to the parental surprise does not like to stay there. Is it said that such re-

marks are the proof of interest in the boy; the answer is, the interest is cheap. Suppose a father lets love have its way. He tells his boy that he considers himself mightily blessed in having such a boy to support, clothe and educate; he declares his delight at seeing this and that sign of manliness, and gives a cordial permission to spend a modest sum of money. How long will it be before the bounding nature of the boy will recognize the appreciative spirit of the father and will begin to respond to it? The basis of a real friendship is thus securely laid, the growth of which is the increasing satisfaction of both.

Any father who is forever locking horns with his son will find that appreciation will speedily end a strife which disparagement both stimulates and embitters; for appreciation is love expending itself, and love never faileth. A boy craves appreciation from his father, and it is through this appreciative spirit that a father gets his great chances. Love is not blind; it can see faults. It is not weak; it can command respect. It does not lack authority; it can compel obedience. Love declares itself, and as it is welcomed finds its opportunity.

Certainly it is necessary to "reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and teaching," a boy, but when this is the corollary of a proposition of appreciation it takes hold and grips, for what a boy truly loves he prizes, and what he prizes he strives to be worthy of.

A father should occasionally make his boy his guest and, with scrupulous regard, honor him to his friends, being careful to meet every requirement of courtesy; take him to dinner, permitting him to vise the bill of fare; enjoy a ride, with his own son for whip; indulge a day's fishing, being sure not to scrimp the boy's share of the live bait and particular not to jump his claim to an equal portion of the best the lunch box affords. It is a poor time for self-seeking or for petty economy when his boy is his guest. It is the father's great opportunity, when in generous fashion he is entertaining his son, to enlist his sympathies and sacrifices in doing for others, since lessons of charity are best taught in presence of a generous heart. The Pharisaic father who compelled his boy to put into the contribution box the pennies he had painstakingly saved to delight his adolescent soul with the glories of the circus, did not patent that day an available process of making princes of benevolence. There was a strange lack of appreciation in the father and a lack not half so strange in the boy.

Parental authority established or maintained on any other principle than that of love is spurious, hollow and heathen. The one thing it cannot do is to control the child. That was a wise and model father who, when wishing to correct his boy, used to say, "I will see you in the sitting-room after dinner," and who as well received and honored a similar summons for himself from his boys when they for any reason felt aggrieved. He recognized the authority of love, not only in his relations to his children, but in his children's relation to him, and that sitting-room came to be the trysting place of deep affections and the exchange of precious confidences.

To take a boy out into life, introducing him to its nobility, opportunity, sacrifice, disclosing to him your most attractive ideals, and shaping his aspirations, opening his eyes, harnessing his will and mellowing his heart, keeping him clean, wholesome, sane, untainted with the twentieth century scurvy of pessim-

ism—this surely is a mighty privilege and a radiant opportunity. For the sake of it one may well give his best, and confess himself a sinner before God if he permits the crowding cares of life to seduce him to offering his second best. It is a great sin to be a poor father. But earth has no nobler joy than that which comes when a father's heart casts anchor in the soul of his boy.

There is always, as the sailors say, something to warp to. No matter for the trials, he "cleaves ever to the sunnier side of doubt;" no matter for discouragements, he "hears the lark within the songless egg;" he is not dismayed by occasional eruptions of boyishness, for through the telescope of his love he sees the coming man. He has learned to appreciate his own, to believe in his own, to be close friends with his own, to expect with confidence noble manhood from his own. Love never faileth, and a father who, believing this, is willing to assume the expenses of love, will save to himself the heart, and to the world the nobler life, even of his most "active boy."—Nehemiah Boynton.

A TRIBUTE TO THE CHILDREN.

Mr. E. S. Martin says some pointed things about children in his essay on "The Mind of a Child," in Harper's Magazine, for which Elizabeth Shippen Green has painted some of her loveliest child pictures. These are a few of Mr. Martin's remarks:

"The littler they are, the better, because farther removed from the world that is ours, and deeper placed in their own world. A good baby radiates peace. Every one who is rightly constituted smiles at the sight of it.

"They are busy, they are cheerful; as a rule, they seem to be kind to one another. They are not bored, and unless the weather is insufferable or they are sick, they are not depressed.

"What philosophers! What heroes! Is it strange that the attitude of an unperverted child should be the Christian idea?

"The great merit of children as companions lies in the breadth of their tolerations. They are easy to please, agreeable to most propositions, and not very critical.

"They do not 'know better;' that is one of their de-lightfullest traits. . . . Children will trust you, and that is one of the most gratifying compliments possible.

"In the company of children you have relief in considering what will pay. The things that they do, (and prefer to do, do not pay, as a rule, except in the doing of them.

"Wise elders who are qualified to train the mind of a child are pretty scarce. The next best thing is the elder who is wise enough to respect the child's mind and give it a chance to develop in a sympathetic atmosphere by its own natural process."

A PRAYER APPROPRIATE TO THE DAY.

Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the

sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in the path. Give me a few friends who love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

I walk down the valley of silence
Down the dim, noiseless valley alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own,
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I found but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly,
I craved what the world never gave,
And I said, "In the world each ideal,
That shines like a star on Life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shore of the real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of the blue,
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the human,
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar,
And I heard a voice call me; since then
I walk down the valley of silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the divine,
And I fell at the feet of the holy,
And above me a voice said, "Be mine,"
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo, "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses in May,
And my prayer, like a perfume from censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the valley of silence
I dream all the songs that I sing,
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the valley—
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
 Ah, me, how my spirit was stirred!
 And they wear holy veils on their faces,
 Their footsteps can hardly be heard,
 They pass through the valley like virgins,
 Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
 Ye hearts that are harrowed with care?
 It lieth afar between mountains,
 And God and his angels are there,
 And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
 And one the bright mountain of prayer,
 A. J. Ryan.

Young People

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"O-h-h—o-h-h—o-h-h!" Three or four boys spoke at once as they gathered about Philip Merle's desk.

On the desk lay Philip's large drawing for the exhibition—a white goat standing erect and alert on a projecting crag near the top of a mountain, the whole clearly outlined against a softly bright sky. It was an ambitious attempt for an academy boy, but Mr. Austin, the drawing-master, had suggested and encouraged the undertaking, watching, as had the boys, its progress to near its completion, and sharing Philip's joyous hope of the prize he was trying to win.

And now!

"What's up?" asked a boy, coming to the group.

"Phil's picture—look! All those big blots and spatters, and a river of ink right across it."

"What happened?"

"Oh, Rob knocked over an ink bottle."

Rob Stellens—"Rob the Careless," his mates called him—stood a little apart, with a face full of remorse. He and Philip were chums. Philip did not join in the talk. He was thinking of his father and mother, many miles away. As if in answer to his thought, one of the boys exclaimed:

"Say, Phil, your mother'll be disappointed, won't she?"

At this, Rob rushed from the room.

"I shouldn't wonder," said a young tutor, who had joined the lads, "if this helps to cure Rob of his heedlessness."

And still Philip was silent. The very power of speech seemed gone from him. The picture represented such long and faithful work.

Mr. Austin left his desk and came down the aisle. With a hand resting sympathetically on Philip's shoulder, he stood looking at the ruined drawing. "Suddenly his face brightened.

"Merle!" he exclaimed, "I have an idea!"

Ten minutes later Phil was racing down the hill behind the academy. He was in search of Rob, and easily guessed where to find him. There was a spot a little way up the brook where a big boulder, a clump of bushes and a willow, close to the water's edge, enclosed a nook which the two boys called their den.

"Rob! Rob!" shouted Phil, swinging himself around the willow. "Mr. Austin's thought of something great! Don't lie like that—sit up and listen—there, so! Do you know the ink did not go on the figure of the goat at all?"

"Well," replied Rob, moodily, "what if it didn't?

It's all across the picture in a stream an inch wide or more."

"Yes, but it curves, and there's very little on the mountain, just at the corner, where it can be shaded off; and not the least speck on the goat, and Mr. Austin's idea is that I make a background of jet black!"

"Humph! 'Twon't be as pretty as the sky."

"Well, may be not as pretty, but Mr. Austin says it will be unusual and striking. And the judges—those artists, you know, that are coming from the city—are not to be told anything about it to arouse their sympathy. The picture is to be judged on its merits, just as it would have been before."

"It'll be lots of work, and there's only a few days."

"But the teachers are going to let me have all the time they can from the other lessons, and I can work in play hours, too. Oh, say! the small boys are going to have a race on the campus at five; let's go and see it. Come on!"

Phil worked faithfully at the task that seemed so dreary, bracing himself to be cheery over it, though at times there would come a lump in his throat as he patiently blacked out the sky he had worked so hard to make beautiful. Then all at once he became intensely interested in what he was doing, and worked on with a sense of glad triumph as the change grew under his hand, until at length the finished picture was before him, every outline of the shaggy white figure and the rough rock, clear and startling against its jet-black background.

Not until early in the morning of the eventful day was the last touch given. Mr. Austin was even then in the art room arranging the work of the pupils for the exhibition. That from the competing academy was already in place.

"Good!" cried Mr. Austin, looking at the picture as Phil brought it in, escorted by half a dozen of his classmates.

"Hurrah for Phil!" exclaimed an excited boy.

"Yes," said Mr. Austin, smiling, "you may well cheer, for whether Phil gains the prize or not, he has turned defeat into victory, and that is best of all."

But some hours later in the day, in the large assembly room, there was a round of applause for Philip Merle, in which the whole school—the two schools, indeed—joined, and which Phil heard with shining face.

For after all—yes, after all—Phil had won the prize.—Sophie T. Newman, in Zion's Herald.

THE SEA GULLS.

The Scilly Isles lie southwest of England, not far from the English channel. The coast is very dangerous. The island ledges are granite. Rocks and shoals the deep channels of the coast and narrow seas, combine to break the regular swell of the Atlantic, and the currents are strong enough to push a large ship somewhat ahead, even when anchored.

At Christmas time, a few years ago, a great "liner" was fog-bound off these islands.

The dense fog wrapped the ship about like a wet, gray blanket. Nothing could be seen even dimly. The great engines moved very slowly, while the steam whistle was constantly blown; but ere long they stopped, and the vessel was only lifted by the swell.

If she could have remained still, her peril would have been far less; but, debarred from every point of

sight, every sea-mark, the resistless force of the current was bearing her every moment near the granite ledges of the Scilly Isles. No one knew this at the time, but the captain was well aware that they were in imminent danger. To try to go on meant almost certain collision with some other vessel or striking upon unseen rock. The only possible chance of safety was in waiting for the fog to lift, though this might not happen for a week.

Hour after hour passed with no change. Food was provided as usual; but there was small relish for it, either among passengers or crew. The captain's face grew more and more clouded, and he consulted oftener with the first mate. The fog whistle and the sound of bells were heard every now and then from some other vessel miles away. There was no wind, only utter stillness, cold and darkness.

The night was closing in when suddenly the silence was broken by a chorus of shouts, laughter and screaming, mingled with the rushing and beating of sea gulls' wings. It was a message, as well understood as the bell of the lighthouse.

But, after the ship had passed the danger line the fog lifted for a moment, leaving the cliffs in sight, and proving that in a few minutes more she would have been dashed against them.

"The birds saved the ship," said the crew, "nothing else."

Shooting a sea gull on the Scilly Isles or in their vicinity is positively forbidden at any time of the year. In consequence they are very tame. They sit on the roofs like sparrows, and have no fear of man. All the outlying rocks are the homes of gulls; and when a ship approaches, they seem to think it is a new island, and fly to it, calling their companions. The very presence of the gulls indicates, without a chance of mistake, the near neighborhood of the shore and of rocks. The cry is as sure a warning as bell or beacon.

This is a legion of unpaid watchers keeping guard on the farthest crags, ready to bear their warning to ships lying in the most dangerous position known at sea—a fog on a coast beset with tides and currents. All along the shore from Land's End to Poole Harbor these watching birds are on the crags of the perilous coast. They warn and save whole fleets of fishing-boats, as they pass the near rocks and cliffs, coming homeward amid the heavy fogs.

The fishermen have passed the word from the Cornish covers to Plymouth, thence to Brixham, on to Sidmouth, and from Sidmouth to Bere, never to allow a gull to be shot.

"I reckon he is no friend to us who so kills a sea gull," said a fisherman out with the herring boats. "Ten times last winter they told us where we were as we were drifting in a fog as dark as pitch. Once I was not six boats' lengths from the picket rock when the gulls flew out and screamed and I was away in time to save my boat and the nets and fish. Only for the blessed birds I'd likely never have seen the two hills again."—Every Other Sunday.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE MASTIFF.

"What an idle vagabond you are!" said a surly mastiff to a squirrel that was frolicking about in the trees above him.

The squirrel threw a nut-shell at him.

"I've been watching you these two hours," said the

mastiff again, "and you've done nothing but dance and swing and skip and whisk that tail of yours about all the time."

"What an idle dog you must be," said the squirrel, "to sit for two hours watching me play!"

"None of your pertness. I had done all my work before I came here."

"O, ho!" said the squirrel. "Well, my work's never done. I've business up in this tree that you know nothing about."

"Business, indeed! I know of no business that you have but kicking up your heels and eating nuts and pelting honest folks with the shells."

"Fie!" said the squirrel, "don't be ill-tempered," and he dropped another nut-shell at him. "Don't envy me my lot; for, although I rejoice in the happiness of it, I must remind you it isn't all joy. Summer doesn't last forever; and what becomes of me, think you, when the trees are bare and the wind howls through the forest and the fruits are gone. Remember that then you have a warm hearth and a good meal to look forward to."

"You wouldn't change with me, however," said the mastiff.

"No, nor you with me, if you knew all," said the squirrel. "Be content, like me, to take together the rough and the smooth of your proper lot. When I'm starved with cold in the winter, I shall be glad to think of you by your pleasant fire. Can't you find it in your heart to be glad now of my sunshine? Our lots are more equal than they seem."—Early Days.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

A neighbor whose farm adjoins ours, writes a correspondent of the "New England Homestead," owns a very large shepherd dog, noted throughout the neighborhood for his anything but friendly greeting of strangers and his entire devotion to his master's horses. He spends nearly all his time with them in stable and pasture.

One day last fall one of the teams had been turned out for exercise in a small field, close to the roadway from our fields to the barns. Just beyond the road lay a bundle of cornstalks which had fallen from one of the loads brought up the day before. The horses saw it and wanted it, as was evidenced by their longing glances and the stretching of their heads over the fence in a vain endeavor to reach it.

Prince, who had gone to the field to see his friends, stood watching them closely. Presently he trotted off down the field to where one of the fence-boards had become loose and dropped down at one end. Slipping through, he went back to the bundle of stalks, seized it, and dragging it along to the hole in the fence, pulled it through, having considerable trouble with it in so doing, and finally placed it before the horses, who at once began eating. Prince stood by, panting, wagging his bushy tail, and evidently highly pleased with the whole performance.

"If there wasn't thought and reasoning there, I don't know where you'd find it!" said one of our men, who had been an interested spectator.

RAYS OF SUNSHINE.

"The late Francis Thompson, the English poet," said a magazine editor, "had a great love of birds. He once told me a pretty story about a swallow."

"Catching, one day in the early autumn, a swallow that nested in his garden, he fastened to its wing a

piece of oiled paper inscribed with the words:

"Swallow, little swallow, I wonder where you pass the winter!"

"The next spring the swallow returned to its nest at the usual time. Attached to its foot was another piece of oiled paper with the inscription:

"Florence, at the house of Castellari. Cordial greetings to the friend in the North."

DE PROFUNDIS.

(Psa. cxxx.)

Out of the deeps, O Lord, I cry to thee.

Lord, hear my voice,
And in thy mercy, Lord, accept my plea.

Lord, shouldst thou mark the fault of sinful man,
Who then could stand?

O, in thy mercy hide my sin with bleeding hand!

Still will I wait for thee, O Lord, my Lord.

My soul doth wait;
And though unworthy, I will trust thy word.

More than the watchmen through the gloom of night

Wait for the morn,
Waiteth my soul for thee, O Lord, my God, my Light.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far, beneath the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he fieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the soul that knows thy love, O Purest
There is a temple peaceful evermore.
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies hushed in stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away the noise of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he fieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in thee.

O rest of rest! O peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never;
Fullness of joy, forever and forever.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

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UNANSWERED PRAYER.

An unanswered prayer is no proof of an unhearing God. There may be reason in the great purposes of our Heavenly Father when a petition may fail of a direct answer. The creature may err, not understanding the will of God, but the Creator cannot err. As many a child of God has looked back over his life he has seen where the goodness and benign wisdom of God has been manifested in withholding the things asked for. But if the direct answer to the petition has been withheld, we believe in some way there will come a blessing because of it, and that no earnest, faithful prayer is ever lost to the suppliant. It may be not my way, it may not be thy way, but yet in His own way the answer will come. It may be years in coming; it may come in some unexpected way, through some channel we never dreamed of, and which at the time of the prayer we knew nothing of, but it will come to us with blessing. Indeed we in our obtuseness may be living in the very atmosphere of answered prayer and not be aware of it. If the answer does not come in the way we look for it, let us look around and see if the flower that we longed for is not blooming elsewhere, or if our life at some angle does not touch God more intimately than ever before. We may look for the answer in a tally-ho, but it may come in the form of some poor beggar on the street.—Selected.

A FALSE REPORT.

A tramp called at the house of a gentleman and said:

"I've walked many miles to see you, sir, because people told me that you was very kind to poor chaps like me."

"Oh, they said so, did they?"

"Yes, sir; that's why I came."

"And are you going back the same way?"

"Yes sir."

"Then, in that case, will you be good enough to contradict this rumor?"

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